SUCH A MEMORY

By EDMUND STOVER

PAPA MONTAGUE laid aside his evening paper took his cigar from his lips when Miss Audrey Montague, his seventeen-year-old daughter, swept into the room, charming in a gown and hat fresh from the maker.

"What do you think of the new rage, popsy?" asked Audrey, parading up and down before him and performing various contortions, so that no detail of the ensemble would be lost.

"Pretty fine," commented Mr. Montague, with paternal pride, although a thought of the bill soon to reach him flashed through his mind. Being the father of a Twentieth Century American Daughter, he was used to the gaff.

"Aren't these side-splits in the skirt stunning?" demanded Audrey, pirouetting to reveal the innovation. "You don't mind my wearing the skirt that way, do you, papa? It's so common now that it's no longer considered daring."

"It seems all right," agreed Papa Montague, after a cusory downward glance. "The fact is, the whole outfit is attractive—girl and all. If I were a young fellow——"

"Oh, you dear old daddy!" exclaimed his daughter impulsively, dropping into his lap and slipping both arms around his neck, while she bestowed a kiss on each cheek. Then she disengaged herself and stood before him at the proper distance to give the best effect to her subsequent emotions. "It only needs one thing to make it complete"—this with a plaintive note.

"And what is that?" Mr. Montague's inquiry betrayed alarm.

"A new cloak to match. You see, papa, I couldn't go out in winter without a cloak, and if I wear my old one I might as well not have the new gown." Her father straightened sternly in his chair.

"So that's it, eh? Now see here, young lady——this is the third dress and the second hat you've had since summer, if my data concerning millinery bills are correct. And I am going to announce right now, in words of one syllable, easily understood, that they are the last new garments you will get this year!"

"You're always thinking about a few paltry dollars when it's a question of something I simply can't get along without," Miss Montague protested, in a whimpering tone. "If it were extravagance on my part I wouldn't mind a bit, but I should think you could see that I MUST have a cloak to match. You don't seem to want me to look as well dressed as other girls."

"Never mind the theatricals," commanded Papa Montague, inexorably. "This is one time you are not going to have your own way."

Overcome by her sense of injustice, Audrey threw herself into a chair at the table and bowed her head upon her arms. Her father remained silent for a few moments, but symptomatic twinges in the region of the conscience began to disturb him. Audrey executed a convulsion of the shoulders suggestive of a sob, and a sharper twinge caused him to give a nervous start. He was beginning to consider some sort of a compromise when Audrey sprang from the chair, her face suddenly radiant.

"I've an idea, daddy! Christmas is only a month off, and you always have such a time selecting my present. Suppose you give me the cloak now for a Christmas gift. Wouldn't that be fine all round?"

"That isn't such a bad suggestion," admitted Papa Montague, with an air of relief. "But are you sure you'd stand by the bargain and not feel slighted when Christmas arrives?"

"Why, the idea! Of course I would!"

"Then it's a go! You can order the cloak tomorrow—but see that your mother goes along to do the pricing."

Miss Audrey ignored the precautious after-thought in her father's acquiescence.

ly I ought to have an ostrich feather

"You're just the dearest old pop!" she exclaimed, rapturously. "And real for this hat. See." She removed the dainty creation. "If I only had a plume to drape around the front and side, instead of this snide ribbon, ribbon, wouldn't it be swell? You'll throw in the feather as part of the Christmas present, win't you, papa?"

"Yes, get the feather," said Mr. Montague, resignedly, and again Audrey threw herself into his lap and told him between kisses that she wouldn't trade him for all the other popsies in the world.

And, indeed, as Christmas neared, he felt quite pleased with the situation. It was a relief to enter into the annual saturnalia of shopping with one important member of his family excluded from the problem of gift selection. But when the day before Christmas waned, and he had made the last scheduled purchase, there came the sudden consciousness that something was amiss.

"It wouldn't be right," he told himself.

"Of course, the little girl expects absolutely nothing—all the more reason why I should surprise her with some trifle. However, it must not be costly. A box of candy and a glove order—excellent!"

Mr. Montague retired on Christmas Eve well pleased with his entire solution of the annual riddle. Early the next morning he was awakened by a hubbub in the dining-room.

"Mamma," Audrey was crying, "where is my present from popsy?"

"That box of candy and the glove order are from your father. Didn't youu read the card?" her mother replied.

"Candy and a glove order! Is that all he is going to give me?"

"Audrey Montague, you ungrateful child! Did you not agree a month ago to accept a cloak and an ostrich feather as your Christmas gift from your father?"

"And he remembered that!" Audrey's tone expressed infinite disgust and injury. "Why, the old tight-wad!"

THE WAY OF A MAN

By WALT MASON—(From Judge.)

BEFORE MARRIAGE

He carried flowers and diamond rings to please that dazzling belle, and caramels and other things that damsels love so well. He'd sit for hours upon a chair and hold her on his knees; he blew his money here and there, as though it grew on trees. "If I had half what you are worth," he used to say, "my sweet, I'd put a shawlstrap round the earth and lay it at your feet."

He had no other thought, it seemed, than just to cheer her heart; and everything of which she dreamed, he purchased in the mart

"When we are spliced," he used to fold mine or a load of hay, a dachshund or a lyre. My one great aim will be to make your life a thing of joy, so haste and to the altar take your little Clarence boy."

And so she thought she drew a peach when they were wed in June. Alas! how oft for plums we reach, and only get a prune!

After Marriage

"And so you want another hat?" he thundered to his frau. "Just tell me what is wrong with that—the one you're wearing now! No wonder that I have the blues, the way the money goes; last week you blew yourself for shoes, next week you'll want new clothes!

"I wish you were like other wives and would like them behave; it is the object of their lives to help their husbands save. All day I'm in the business fight and strain my heart and soul, and when I journey home at night, you touch me for my roll. You want a twenty-dollar hat, to hold your topknot down, or else a new Angora cat, a lapdog or a gown. You lie awake at night and think of things you'd like to buy, and when I draw a little chink, you surely make it fly.

"With such a wife as you, I say, a husband has no chance; you pull his starboard limb by day, by night you rob his pants.

"My sainted mother, when she dwelt in this sad vale of tears, had one old lid, of cloth or felt, she wore for thirty years. She helped my father all the time, she pickled every bone, and if she had to blow a dime, it made her weep and moan.

"The hat you wear is good as new; twill do another year. So don't stand round, the rag to chew—I'm busy now, my dear."

THE FARMER

It is the day of the farmer. "Back to the soil!" is the cry of the tired business man. It is in every one's blood. The trolley line and the automobile are partly responsible for it. Suburban farms are all the rage. The city man can reach his farmhouse now in an hour or two though it be fifty miles or more away from his office, for the railroads have entered into competition with the trolley and the automobile by making special time tables and low communication rates to cultivate the suburbanite.

The cry is "Back to the farm to the simple life!" It is a catching fever. The drift of the farmer boy to the great city is partly offset by the longing of the brainfagged city man for a breath of the fresh air and a sight of the green fields and the wooded hills. A silent revolution has been wrought in farm values around all of our great cities by the demand for suburban homes. Farms that were worth a moderate sum per acre are now laid out as residential plots worth as much for a single lot of a few hundred spuare feet as the acre was worth. Farms farther away from the cities are now valued as villa sites and still farther away they are coveted as the homes of the gentleman farmer.

He is the farmer who loves to gaze upon cows that he never milks, upon the pigs that he never kills, the chickens that he never feeds and the sheep that he never clips. But he sees to it that the hired help tends to these matters and his pride is in the well-kept farm, the well-bred cattle and the well-fed pigs and fowls. The horses he may drive or ride, for the love of good horseflesh is inseparable from the love of the farm.

It is the day of the farmer, the producer, the tiller of the soil, the man behind the plow and the man behind the pocketbook whose brain is busy in the great city but who loves in the calm of the evening to go back to the quiet enjoyment that nature gives with its green fields, its buzzing bees, its cackling hens, its hollyhocks and honeysuckles.

John A. Sleicher, in Leslie's.

THE FOOL

The story is told of a well-known traveler, who on one journey was much annoyed by a pedantic bore who forced himself upon him and made a great parade of his learning.

The traveler bore it as long as he could, and at length, looking at him gravely, said:

"My friend, you and I know all that is to be known."

"How is that?" said the man, pleased with what he thought a complimentary association.

"Why," said the traveler, "you know everything except that you are a fool, and I know that."

Profit in Hives.

The box hive bee-keepers sell their honey at eight cents per pound, while on the other hand the improved frame hive bee-keeper sells all of his honey for twenty and twenty-five cents per pound and in large demand at that.

Bees were swearers long before men were, for the buzzing sound they make when swarming is what gave rise to the world as we use it to-day, and we say they swarm on account of that noise.

In feeding ensilage it is essential that the silo be far enough from the milk house to eliminate all danger of the milk absorbing the odor when the ensilage is thrown out of the silo.

It's a fine thing to know what not to say, if you know when not to say it.

BEES AID THE GROWER.

They Will Cause the Boughs of Trees to Break With Fruit.

"Give the bee a chance and it will literally break the boughs of your tree with the weight of fruit."

Frank G. Odell of Lincoln, Neb., bee-master, who gave a series of demonstrations with 50,000 bees at the National Apple Show in Spokane, made the foregoing observation in the course of an interview, discussing bee-keeping, scientific agriculture and fruit growing. He said:

"The bee is the expert assistant of the horticulturist and the farmer. So indispensable are its functions in the pollination of fruits, vegetables, cereals and grasses that its activities may be said to lie at the foundation of all successful agriculture. Nature had ordained one supreme law, that of creation, the perpetuation of the race type. This law, universal in its application and absolutely identical in its form, obtains in the plant world as in the animal world. The luscious pulp of the fruit is the envelope, the package, the strong box, devised by nature to protect the seed within from injury and render it susceptible of germination so that the type may be reproduced in all its perfection.

"The bee, like other insects, effects incidental pollination of flowers in the search for nectar; but its great value to the fruit grower lies in this, that it goes to the flowers specifically to gather pollen, literally by the carload, in the hairy baskets on its legs, hastening from bloom to bloom, rolling and packing and literally rioting in the golden dust, pregnant with the microscopic germs of plant life, until the golden pellets are packed away in its hair baskets, to be carried to the hive for storage as an indispensable portion of the food of its young during the winter months to come.

"It requires no expert knowledge to comprehend how perfectly the bee thus performs the office of pollination. Indeed, it is nature's chief agent in this indispensable work. No seed, no fruit, is the universal law. Here is the only insect useful in all its habits, having a fixed habitation accessible to man, dependent upon the pollen of every variety of flower as an indispensable portion of the food of its young, and going to the bloom specifically to gather that pollen, thus making possible the marvelous fruit crops in Washington and the Pacific Northwest. That is why I say, give the bee a chance and it will literally break the boughs of your trees with the weight of fruit.—Indiana Farmer.

Lack of Ventilation.

As a rule, the principal cause of winter loss among the bees in parts of the country is a lack of ventilation. Some bee-keepers, in their anxiety to protect their bees from the cold weather, cover them up, and make them so nearly airtight that it causes the bees to sweat. Then the little air they may have in the hive when the temperature drops low becomes foul, which causes the bees to become so weak that they cannot leave the cluster until they starve; when the beekeeper opens his hives he finds the frames damp and mouldy and his bees dead. Packing is all right if the bees are kept dry. Bees often freeze, but they can be easily smothered. Thus it would be preferable to prop up one end of the hive rather than to seal them down airtight.

The Dairyman's Friend.

Alfalfa is the dairyman's friend, surely, if the figures of D. H. Otis are correct. He figures that a ton of alfalfa contains 220 pounds of digestible protein, which at six cents a pound would be worth $13.20, and, if we got four tons to the acre, we could have a value of $52.80. Of course, for a dairyman to realize this much from an acre of alfalfa, he must feed judiciously and in proper combination with other feeds; but if he realizes only one-half of this amount, he is getting excellent returns from his land. Wheat bran, long the standard feed for dairy cows, contains only 12.2 pounds of digestible protein in every 100 pounds.

Remedy For Moths.

A very good remedy for moths would be to transfer colonies affected to new hives using full sheets of foundation, and be sure they have a queen as moths will gain possession of a colony as soon as a queen dies as the bees do not have the ambition to fight them out.—W. C. Dailey.

Drumming Up Business.

"Mrs. Van Wombat is very depressing. She always tells me of late how badly I'm looking."

A pardonable habit in her, perhaps. Her son has just graduated in medicine."

POULTRY

A GOOD POULTRY NEST.

Trap Nest Which Can Be Made Out of Grocery Box.

A useful trap nest can be made of grocery boxes. Those I have are 12 inches each way, explains the correspondent of Farm and Home. The illustration shows how they are made.

In the cut the trap is set ready for the hen to enter. A cleat, c, is fastened to a small piece cord, which is tied to a nail on the side of the box. Set the trap by raising it and resting the cleat on the nail, with the other end under the arm marked a. This leaves an opening from four to six inches wide, which is not enough for the hen to enter. In going into the nest she will be obliged to raise the trap door, which will let the cleat fall, thus closing the trap after the hen has gone in.

I made the trap door, the arms and the cleats out of lath. Leave a little space between the boards in the walls, so the heat can escape, otherwise it will be too warm in summer. The bottom board, b, in front should be three or four inches wide, and the lower piece of the trap door should rest against this so the hen cannot get her head through, raise the trap and get out.

I have bands on one leg of each of my hens, and a record sheet on which I keep account of the eggs laid by each. It is some bother to have trap nests, but I get more eggs since I have used them, because I do not have to keep the hens that are poor layers. I go to the henhouse every four hours to look after the nests and each time I take something along to give them that would otherwise go to waste.—Mrs. Mollie Wachendorf, Waukesha County, Wis.

Incubator Chicks.

Chicks that have been hatched in incubators and are to be raised in brooders must be looked after carefully, as neglect will soon cause many forms of disease, which either destroy the entire lot or render them worthless.

In the first place, we must know that the heat of the brooder can be maintained at a uniform degree. Then we must see that there is good ventilation and absolute cleanliness at all times.

For the first week keep the temperature between 90 and 95 degrees, then by slow stages reduce to 70, and then to 60, where it should remain.

Feed carefully and often, just what the chicks will eat and nothing more. Keep fresh water for them at all times, and scatter small grain in litter and make them scratch.

It is very simple when one knows how, but we must not suppose that it does not require considerable work.

Poultry In Small Yards.

When fowls are confined in small yards we should in some way endeavor to supply green food for them. This can often be done by dividing the yard into two lots and sowing one portion in oats early in the spring.

When the oats have grown up a few inches, turn the poultry in that portion and sow oats in the other lot. By this method the fowls may have green food during the summer. About the first of September sow both lots in rye, and this will keep up the supply during winter. Lawn clippings are relished by fowls, and should never be allowed to go to waste.

If there is sufficient ground to permit of several small lots, so much the better, as in this way we can let the oats have a longer growth before turning in the fowls. Green food is necessary, and we should arrange our yards so that the hens will have it.

Summer Pudding.

Line a mold neatly with thin slices of white bread. Stew one pound of black currants, half a pound of raspberries, and a few strawberries with one gill of water and about half a pound of sugar until quite tender, and pour it at once while very hot into the mold. Cover the top with bread, put a plate and a weight on the mold and set it aside until quite cold. Then turn out in a glass dish and cover the top with cones of whipped cream.

Fudge Sandwiches.

Two cupfuls of brown sugar, three-fourths of a cupful milk, butter size of a walnut, third cake of melted chocolate. Boil seven minutes and beat until thick and creamy. Spread thickly between butter thins or any plain crackers. They are delicious.

Ice-Cold Water Without Ice.

Fill an unglazed earthenware jug with cold water and stand it in a soup plate of water. Then soak a clean kitchen towel in cold water and wrap over the jug, allowing the cloth to rest in the soup plate of water. It will become icy cold.

To Preserve Lemons.

Fill an earthenware jar with very dry, soft sand; bury the lemons in the sand so they do not touch one another. Cover them well with sand and keep in a dry place until needed.

When You Have Pineapples.

The knife used in peeling a pineapple should not be used in slicing it, as the peel contains an acid that will cause a sore, swollen mouth. Salt is an antidote for this acid.

To Clean Leather Chairs.

Warm castor oil applied with a soft paint brush will remove all dust and make the leather soft and bright.